

ADVERTISING RATES!
OFFICE IN TRIMMEL'S BLOCK
South West corner of Main and Pike Sts.
TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
Two Dollars a year to be paid at the time of subscribing.
12 Dollars for six months, do do do
For one square 10 lines, or less insertions, \$1 00
Each additional insertion, 25
Three months, 2 00
Six months, 3 00
One year, 4 00
Announcing a candidate for office, money in advance, 75 00
Transient advertisements to be paid for in advance, 10 00
A liberal discount made on yearly advertisements longer than one square.
A. J. MOORE, Proprietor.

THE CYNTHIANA NEWS.

DEVOTED TO POLITICS, NEWS, LITERATURE, EDUCATION, & C.

VOLUME 7.

CYNTHIANA, KY., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1856.

NUMBER 8

CYNTHIANA NEWS JOB OFFICE
WE ARE NOW PREPARED TO EXECUTE ALL KINDS OF
Book, Plain and Fancy
JOB PRINTING!
SUCH AS
Labels, Business Cards, Visiting do, Party Tickets, Funeral do
Programmes, Hand Bills, Circulars, Blanks, Bill Heads,
Lithographs, etc.

A Sabbath in Autumn.
BY WM. WINTER.
How gently tolls the village bell
This quiet Sabbath afternoon;
With now a pause and now a swell
Of solemn music, all in tune!
How calmly through the deep blue sky
The little fleecy clouds are borne,
How soft the breezes murmur by,
While all the leafless branches mourn!
It is the calm and lifeless peace
That tells the course of false decay;
That changeable nature's pulses cease,
And life and beauty fade away.
'Tis thus our little lives decline;
So pass our few and fleeting years;
While stars of hope delusive shine;
Run through the misty vale of tears.
But when the weary days are gone,
And sorrow's mournful dream is o'er,
Our eyes shall see a holier dawn,
And nobler glory than before.

The Baltimore papers give a list of the killed and wounded in the election riots of Monday. There were 4 killed; 14 fatally wounded, and 60 wounded, some dangerously. Among the wounded are 3 women and 4 boys.

Died in Monroe county on the 26th ult., Mr. Wm. Thraikill, Sen., in the 90th year of his age—being the oldest man in the county.

The snow on Friday was so heavy on the Western New York Railroads as to bring snow plows into use. Some of the trains were delayed in time.

The heroic Sir Charles Napier wrote very beautifully and touchingly to a lady on the eve of his great victory at Meane, "I'll survive, I shall soon be with those I have loved."

An old widow, when her pastor said to her, "God has not deserted you in your old age," replied, "No, sir; I have a very good appetite still!"

The arms of a pretty girl, wound tightly around your neck, has been discovered to be an infallible remedy in case of sore throat. It beats pepper tea all hollow.

Accident—Cannon Burst.—During a Fremont meeting in Burlington, Iowa, on Saturday night, the cannon used for firing a salute, burst at the second fire, by which accident two Germans coopers by occupation, were severely hurt, one having his left arm so badly broken that amputation will be necessary to save his life; the other had his thigh broken.

The excesses of our youth are draft upon our old age, payable with compound interest, twenty years after date. Just bear this in mind, all you fast young men!

A Yankee at Panama sought shelter at the American Consul's from the earthquake; he thought even the earthquake would respect our flag.

A flower of the heart—a wife full of truth, innocence and love, is the prettiest flower a man can wear next to his heart.

ADVENTURES OF A BOTTLE.—A bottle, thrown overboard from the ship Adirondack, on the banks of Newfoundland, in September, 1855 containing a letter from a lady on board to a friend in Ireland was picked up in the river Shannon, in August, 1856, and the letter forwarded to its address.

New Orleans, it is said, has received a new impetus in business the last year. Its commerce is now larger than any previous year, and the buildings in the course of erection involve an expenditure of over two millions of dollars, including a medical college, two spacious churches, a synagogue, and other public buildings.

Result at Chicago.—Douglas has been terribly beaten in his own home—the Fremonters carrying Chicago by over 1500 majority! Last spring, the Democracy elected their Mayor by over 500 majority! The change has been great—a gain for the Republicans over 2000.

The Shakopee (M. T.) Advocate of the 20th, reports the sinking of one of the Minnesota Packet Company's boats, the Lady Franklin, while on her upward trip to St. Paul, and the loss of two lives. The event happened near Bad Axe, Wis., and was occasioned by striking a snag, when the boat immediately careened and sunk to her upper decks. There were on board one hundred and seventy-five passengers of whom it is supposed two found a watery grave.

Confidences and Confessions.

BY E. W. DEWEES.

The clear, cheerful fire glowed warmer and brighter, as the darkness of the winter evening gathered without.

Cousin Harry and I sat cozily beside it, enjoying the pleasant warmth, and giving full rein to our wandering fancies.

He was leaning back dreamily in his easy chair—I, silently musing opposite him, with my feet (they were not large ones, reader) resting on the low fender. My eyes were fixed on the glowing coals; but now and then I could not help stealing a glance at cousin Harry's face, in order to conjecture the subject of his long reverie.

He was in a dreamy mood, and his dreams were evidently pleasant ones on the whole, though many varying emotions swept across his manly features.

I too, as I sat there looking demurely into the fire, had certain little dreams of my own. Did I mention that cousin Harry was not my cousin—only a ward of my father's, brought up in our family, to whom that title was given by courtesy? But that, of course, had nothing to do with my dreaming, or not dreaming.

Harry broke the long silence at last, by saying:

"Come and set here by me, cousin Olive, I want to tell you something."

I went and took a low seat at his feet and leaned my head against his knees, as I had done from childhood. Dear cousin Harry, how I loved him!

He passed his hand caressingly over my curls and said:

"Olive did I ever speak to you about Miss Ruthersford—Miss Mary Ruthersford?"

"No, cousin."

"And yet I have never had, and do not wish to have, any secrets from my little cousin. But this is proof," he added, laughing, "that the old line which says, 'The heart feels more when the lips speak not,' is true. If I have not spoken to you of Miss Ruthersford, it must have been because I have felt too much to give easy utterance to my thoughts."

Olive, she is the loveliest creature I ever looked upon. I met her last summer, when I was traveling in Europe. We travelled through Italy together, and each day that I spent in her society I admired her more. In short, Olive, I fell in love with her."

"Yes," said I. I was glad to be able to utter even that one word, and so glad that my face happened to be turned so that Harry could not see it.

"She has just returned to this country," continued he, "and this very night decides my fate. I sent a note to her this morning requesting an interview. An hour from this time sees me the happiest man in America, or the most miserable."

I clasped my arms tightly round Harry's knees and I am sure, even in that bitter moment, I breathed a prayer for his happiness, come how it might.

My tears could no longer be quite restrained but Harry naturally misunderstood their cause. He patted my head with playful tenderness, and rising himself, he raised me too, and kissing my cheek, said:

"Thank you dear Olive, for your sympathy. I am going now—give me your good wishes."

"Farewell, Harry," I whispered, and he was gone. How much there was to me in one word I had spoken—farewell!

I did not sit up to wait for Harry's return as I at first intended to do.

By the time I began to expect him, my head ached so, and my eyes were so swollen with crying, that I knew it would not do for him to see me. So I went to bed and laid awake the whole night through, and thought of cousin Harry, and how kind he had always been to me, till my heart ached.

The next morning I was really quite ill and feverish, and I kept my room all day. But the suspense was intolerable to me—I longed to hear Harry's voice again, even though his words struck to my heart like daggers—therefore when the darkness of twilight came I thought I might venture; so I slipped on a wrapper, and stole down stairs to the little sitting-room where I knew he would be sitting by the fireside.

Yes, he was there, and sitting very quiet and still. I could not tell anything by his face as I entered—but perhaps that was because I had not courage to half look.

I slipped in very softly behind him, and before he could see me, was nestled on the sofa by his side, with my face screened behind his shoulder.

I thought he would be surprised, or pleased to see me—or at least I expected him to speak to me; but he never said a word—he sat still, looking into the fire.

gentle smile, and merely said, as he drew me to him,

"Do not cry, my poor little Olive, do not cry." He soothed me and caressed me as if I had been a child. Afterwards, he added, in a sterner voice,

"Yes, it is all over now, and I must bear my disappointment like a man."

He did bear it like a man. I saw and understood all his struggles—his stern endurance of his sorrow. I saw how keenly he suffered, and yet how bravely and cheerfully he bore himself; I loved him more and more; and yet I was so sorry for him, that if I had thought it would have been of any use, I would have gone myself to the lady whom he blessed with his love, and pleaded with her for him. But for this it was quite too late. Miss Ruthersford was already engaged to another when she returned home.

But much as I suffered in seeing Harry suffer, I had one consolation. He did not brood in moody silence over his disappointment; he loved to talk with me on the theme nearest his heart. He liked to tell me again and again, all the particulars of his acquaintance with Miss Ruthersford. Of the pleasant days when they traveled together—of her exceedingly loveliness, and of the many little incidents on which he founded his hopes, his almost certainty of her preference, and of his utter inability to account for the fickleness which had prompted her to unite herself to another.

I did not suggest that the superior fortune of the new lover might be his attraction, for fear of paining Harry; but apart from all feminine jealousy that is my view of the case, from which nothing can ever change me.

Be that as it may, Harry thought her perfection; he sorrowed and grieved for her; and I had enough to do to console him. Oh, how thankful I felt to know that I had the power to do so. And when I had succeeded in chasing the gloom clouds from his brow, and I saw him smiling and cheerful, I felt as happy as a queen.

One day he said to me,

"My dear, kind Olive, how well you know how to comfort me. How should you understand so well what I feel and need—how have you learned?"

"I have had a similar sorrow myself," I replied, with a trembling voice.

Harry looked at me tenderly, and drew me to him—"My poor, little Olive, I broke from him with bursting tears, exclaiming, 'don't pity me, don't I can't bear it!'"

From this time I often noticed Harry's eyes gazing on me with tender, pitying interest. I knew what he was thinking of, and a blush never failed to rise to my cheek, for I trembled for my secret, which was, however, never more secure.

Harry's mind gradually regained a more buoyant tone. His thoughts were no longer confined to a single painful topic, and he began once more to take an interest in what was passing around him. He became more like his former self.

We were very much together; the sorrow we had shared together had made us very near and dear to each other, and I am afraid I was a very conscious maiden, but I began to fancy that the interest Harry took in me was deepening. I could not mistake the glance with which his eyes rested upon me—the bright smile which welcomed my approval—the delight he took in everything I did or said.

My old day-dreams and fireside dreams came back to me, sweeter than ever. We, both of us retained our old habit of musing by the twilight fire. It was at that time and place that most of Harry's confidences had been made, but it had now been long since he had alluded to the past.

The long winter had merged into a late cold spring, and the cheering blaze was still agreeable as we sat one evening in our usual places.

After a long silence I chanced to look up to find Harry's eyes earnestly regarding me.

"Olive," he said, abruptly, "do you believe in second love?"

"Sometimes, in a man," I replied carelessly; "in a woman, never."

Harry was silent for a few moments; he then said:

"Your first position is true, Olive, I know it and feel it. But your second is flagrantly false, or if not," he added, vehemently, "I swear I'll make it so. Olive you must and shall love me!"

"Do not swear, Harry," said I; "it is wicked, and besides, I greatly mistake if you do not soon wish that vow unregistered."

He did not heed the light tone of my reply, but continued earnestly,

Harry looked deeply pained and grieved. I saw that I was torturing that noble heart which had lately suffered so much. I had not the cruelty even by a moment's further trifling to delay its approaching happiness. I therefore added softly,

"How if I admit, Harry, that you were my first love? Would you then insist upon my choosing a second?"

Harry looked at me in astonishment. "But you told me—" he began.

"Well, what if I did?" I interrupted, a little snappishly, "it was all true enough, but why must I be put to the blush, by being made to confess how long I thought of you before you even cast a glance on me?"

Harry gazed at me with beaming eyes, while his mind evidently ran over the past.

"My poor Olive," he said, at last, while tears actually stood in his eyes, "and have you indeed suffered for my sake? Was it thus you learned so well how to comfort me—selfish, ungenerous creature that I was? But that is past now," he continued, as he folded me in his arms, "henceforth it shall be for me to play the part of comforter, and I will see if I cannot make a lifetime's devotion atone for anything you may have suffered in the past."

A SMART BOY.—"Well sonny, whose pigs are those?"

"Old sow's sir."

"Whose sow is it?"

"Old man's sir."

"Well then, who is your old man?"

"If you'll mind the pigs, I'll run home and ask the old woman."

"Never mind, sonny, I want a smart boy; what can you do?"

"Oh, I can do more than considerable. I can milk the geese, ride the turkeys to water, hamstring the grasshoppers, light fires for flies to court by, cut the buttons off dad's coat while he is at prayers, keep tally for dad and mam when they scold at a mark—old woman is always ahead."

"Got any brothers?"

"Lot's of 'em—all named Bill, except Bob, his name's Sam—my name is Larry, but they call me Lazy Lawrence for shortness."

"Well you are most too smart for me. Travel on, stick-in-the-mud, I shall not hire you for a boss to-day."

Among the novelties of the day is a musical automaton that plays upon the flute and cornet with remarkable precision. His repertoire embraces some twenty tunes, from grave to gay, from lively to severe; he plays on real instruments, the wind coming out from between the lips as in a live man. It is a wonderful instance of mechanical ingenuity, and Mr. Van Oeckelen, the inventor, has spent seven years in its construction, and has now brought it from Holland to exhibit it in this country.

HUMOR IN RAGS.—We observed yesterday a little thin old man with a rag bag in his hand, picking up a large number of small pieces of whalebone which lay in the street. The deposit was of such a singular nature, that we presumed to ask the quaint looking gatherer how he supposed they came there. "Don't know," he replied in a squeaking voice, "but I expect some unfortunate female was wrecked hereabout somewhere."

"Jenny," said a landlady the other morning to her help "was there any fire in the kitchen last night while you were sitting up?"

"Yes ma'am," said Jenny, there was a spark there when I went down, and I soon fanned it into a flame."

The landlady looked suspiciously at Jenny, but the innocent girl went on scrubbing and humming "Katy Darling."

A farmer returning home in his wagon after delivering a load of corn, is a more certain sign of national prosperity than a nobleman riding in his chariot to the opera.

FEARFUL STORM ON LAKE MICHIGAN.—We learn from the Chicago Bulletin that a fearful storm occurred on the 24th, and 25th of October on Lake Michigan resulting in the loss of two propellers and a loss of from 40 to 60 human lives.

A WHOPPER.—The Hartford (Conn.) Courant says there is a baby in that city only five months old and weighs one hundred and fifty-six pounds!

THE GERMAN PRESS.—It is stated that there are ten times as many newspapers printed in the language in the United States, as there are in Germany.

The Hannibal (Mo.) Messenger, says: We had a considerable snow storm here last Friday night. Snow fell to the depth of an inch and a half.

The total number of hogs in Ohio over six months old on the 1st of April 1856, was 1,740,972, against 2,044,003 the previous year. This estimate includes all the counties but seven.

DIRECTORY.

L. T. MARTIN, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Groceries, Confectionery, Nuts, Fruits, Hardware, Paints, Oils, and Dry-stuffs, Phoenix Gas, Fancy Goods, Lamps, Girandoles, Patent Medicines, &c., &c. First door north of the Valley House. Jan. 1.
KOSUTH HOUSE, (lately occupied by Mrs. Catherine York), by Louis Polakow, Main street, north east of the Court House. Jan. 1.
JOHN SPOHN, BUTCHER.—Slaughter-house, on bank of Licking River, in the rear of my residence. No credit given for Beef hereafter. Always pays cash for good Beef Cattle. Jan. 2, 1854.
C. A. WEBSTER, Forwarding and Commission Merchant, and dealer in Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Glassware, Mechanics' Tools, Stoves, Castings and Tinware, Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps, Guns and Pistols, Gold and Silver Watches, and notions &c., main at the Bridge. Jan. 1.
THOMAS A. CURRAN, Attorney at Law, Cynthiana, Ky., will practice in the circuit court of Harrison county, in connection with Wm. Marshall, Esq., of Augusta, Ky., who will hereafter regularly attend the Harrison County, Office in the Court House. Jan. 1.
TURTOY & EVELLETH, Saddlery, Harness, Trunk and Carpet Bag Manufacturers, general assortment of ways on hand, of the latest style and workmanship. Job-work and repairing attended to on short notice, shop on main st., next door to the Livery Stable, first store from the Bridge. Jan. 1.
MASON & RANKIN, Dealers in Dry Goods, Dye-stuffs, Hardware, Cutlery, Superior Brass Clocks, Liqueurs, Boots, Shoes, and all other goods usually kept in a retail house. East of the Court House, main st. Jan. 1.
A. H. WARD, Attorney and Counselor at Law, Office in the Court House. Jan. 1.
I. N. MILLER & GEO. REDMON, dealers in staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Groceries, Queensware, Glassware, Boots, Shoes, and all other goods usually kept in a retail house. East of the Court House, main st. Jan. 1.
TABLE AND POCKET CUTLERY, of all kinds—best brands at fair prices. We have the largest and best assortment of Pocket Cutlery in market. Feb. 14-19-47.
NEW GOODS.
We would most respectfully call the attention of the Ladies and Gentlemen of Harrison county to our stock of Goods, which is the largest ever imported by our House, which consists of the finest and most fashionable ever offered in this market. We will offer such inducements as cannot be had in their section of the country. No trouble to show our goods. Give us a call. GARNETT, SPEARS, & CO. Paris Ky. Sep. 23, 1856.
TOBACCO AND CIGARS.
CALL and examine our stock of Tobacco and Cigars, which we will sell by the Box or any way to suit purchasers, at prices that will make you think this market cheaper than Cincinnati, at Feb. 14-19-47.
S. F. FLOUR always on hand, and for sale at lowest market rates. J. W. PECK. March 27-28-ly.
Tumblers!
A LARGE lot at Pittsburgh prices. Trade supplied at a figure that will be satisfactory. T. MARTIN'S. Feb. 14-19-47.
Frank Box
DESS begs to inform the citizens of Cynthiana and Harrison county, that he has opened a "Frank Box" establishment, on Main street in Cynthiana, in the house formerly occupied by John A. Milligan. He will always keep on hand a supply of Tinware, and solicits a share of the public custom. Repairing attended to. (March 27-ly.)
D. J. THOMAS

PARIS HOTEL,

PARIS, KENTUCKY.
C. TALBUTT, - - - PROPRIETOR.
General Stage Office.
CONVEYANCES to convey Passengers to and from the depot of the Chesapeake and Ohio R.R. March 28 24-ly.

Kelly & Forman,

MAIN STREET, PARIS, KY.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
HARDWARE, CUTLERY AND STOVES!
HAVING purchased our stock direct from Eastern Importers and Manufacturers, we will sell at as low prices as any house in the West.
Paris, Ky., Feb. 22-26-61 KELLY & FORMAN.

HOWE & SPILMAN,

DEALERS IN
Grocereis, Wines, Liquors, &c.,
No. 5 Madison-st., opp. Madison House,
COVINGTON, KY.

R. PECKOVER,

SURGEON DENTIST.
PARIS.
Will visit Cynthiana the 1st and 3d Saturdays of every month. Rooms at West House. Oct 5/54

I. O. O. F.

HARRISON LODGE, No. 75, I. O. O. F., meets at its Hall, Miller's corner, in the third story—entrance on Pike st., every Saturday night at 8 o'clock. Transient Brethren are invited to attend. By order of the Lodge, R. H. GIBBONS, Recording Secretary. Jan. 1-25-18

C. BEAM,

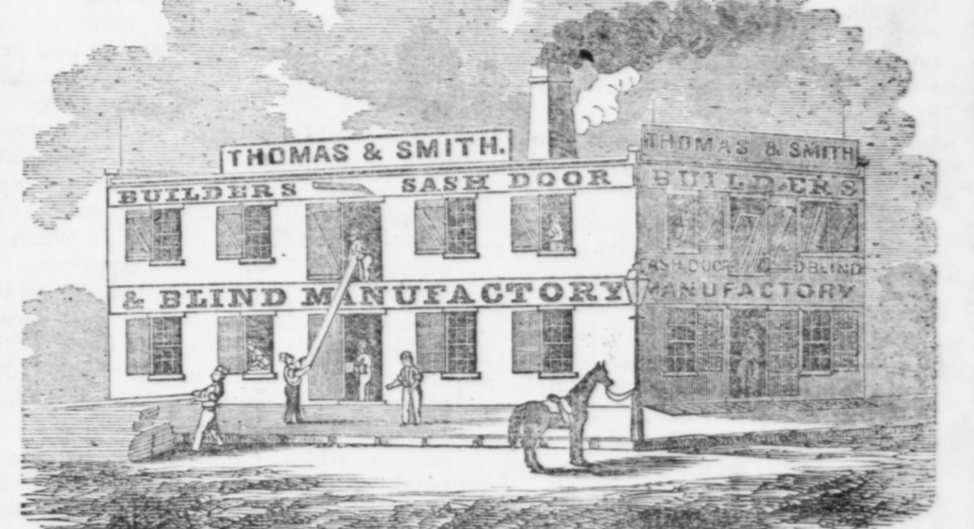
MANUFACTURER of, and Dealer in, Tin, Copper Sheet Iron, Painted Tin and Britannia Ware, Coal Buckets, &c., &c., Wholesale and Retail, Scott street East side, three doors below Fourth.

COVINGTON, KY.
Shower Baths, Ice Chests, Water Coolers, Pumps, Lead Pipe, &c., always on hand. Roofing, Gutters, Spouting, and all kinds of Jobbing neatly executed on short notice. Orders from the country (by mail or otherwise) promptly attended to.
Old Copper, Brass, and Pewter taken in exchange for Waste. June 23-24-ly

A extra article of Belcher's St. Louis Syrup, imported direct from the manufacturer, in Barrels and Tonnage Kegs, for sale by [mar 2] J. W. PECK Oct 5/54

LATHS.

PLASTERERS and others can be supplied with a good article smoothly sawed of sound timber, on application by letter.
Terms Cash.—Price 22 50 per 1000. Delivered on the cars at Berres'.
June 12, 56 2m.
JNO. M. JANUARY.
M. P. SMITH

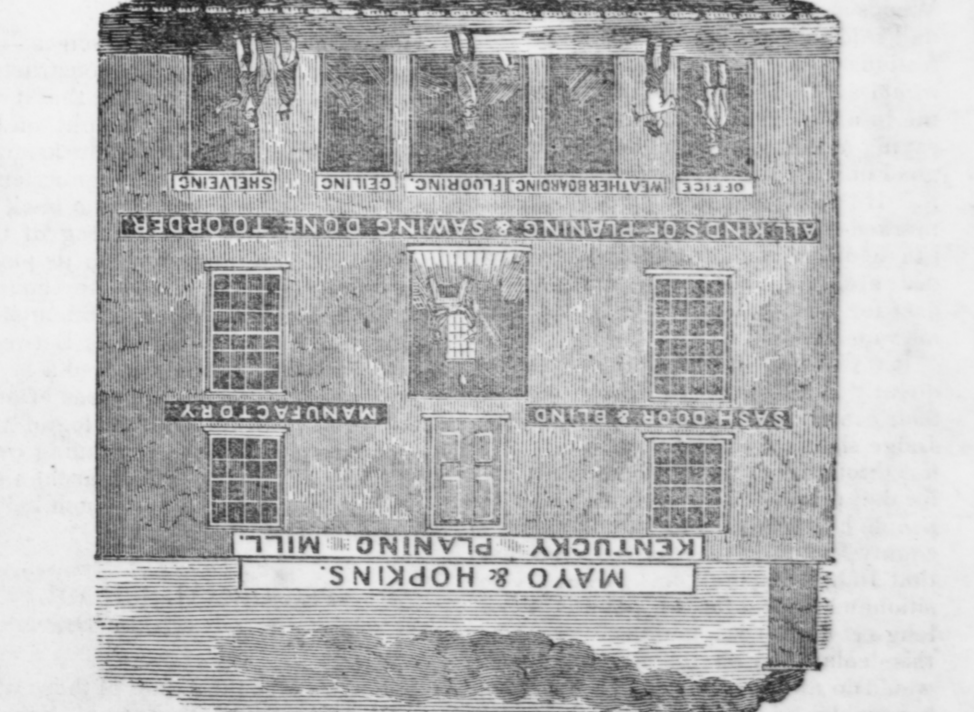


BUILDERS SASH DOOR AND VENETIAN BLIND MANUFACTURERS.

Corner Fifth and Craig Streets, Covington Kentucky.
WE MANUFACTURE and keep on hand an extensive assortment of Sash, Doors, Blinds, Shelving, Patent Window Frames, Base Mouldings, Mantels, White and Yellow Pine Flooring. We also furnish Lumber in the rough. Painted and Glazed Sash always on hand. Walnut and other Hard-Woods Worked to Order. TERMS CASH.

Messrs. Thomas and Smith are both practical mechanics, and expect to give entire satisfaction to their customers. For Particulars see bills of prices. Aug. 14, '56-by.

H. H. MAYO, MAYO & HOPKINS.



KENTUCKY PLANING MILL.

Eight st., near the Covington and Lexington Railroad Depot, Covington, Ky.
HAYING rebuilt the Mill and put in new machinery, of the latest improvements, and employing some of the best workmen, are now prepared to furnish Sash, Door and Venetian Blind Factory, Planing Mill and Lumber Depot. We manufacture and keep on hand an extensive assortment of Tash, Doors, Blinds, Door and Window Frames, Base Mouldings, Mantels, Plasters, White and Yellow Pine Flooring Shelving, Patent Weatherboarding, and Planed Boards of every variety of quality and thickness. We also furnish Lumber in the rough. Painted and Glazed Sash always on hand. Walnut and other hard Woods Work to Order. TERMS CASH. All Work delivered at the depot free of charge. Aug. 14, '56-by.

as punctually as large ones. T. E. BRICKLY,
Aug 7 3m. Scott St., between 4th and 5th, Covington, Ky.

I bri Linseed oil, Lard Oil, Turpentine, and the be
quality of copal Varnish on hand and for sale by
G. A. WEBSTER

enable him to sell as low, if not lower, than has ever been sold in this market, he hopes that all will come and examine his stock before purchasing elsewhere.

G. F. LANEY.

Charge Covington Journal 14 Oct. 30, '36.

